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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, JANUARY 8, 1903. NUMBER 19

## A New Year's Letter from an Eastern Minister

MY DEAR UNITY:

I want to tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your Christmas number—how much I enjoy all the numbers. The paper grows better and better. I came into my study tonight weary after a busy day, and I picked up the Christmas number that had just been received. Every line in it is worth reading. It is so fresh and wholesome. The spirit of it is so fine. It is like a fresh breath from the hills. It rests and recreates. It stimulates to high thinking and noble living. There is not a false note struck; every paragraph rings true.

A thousand thanks for such a paper. I wish it a very Happy New Year. Very sincerely,

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*Dear Reader: Do I deserve your co-operation and support as I face the second quarter century of my life? It will begin March 1, 1903.*

*Respectfully,*

*UNITY.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

## The Problems of the School the Hope of the State.

WE have printed the initial articles in this series, "Public Schools the Schools for all Children", by Dr. Benjamin Andrews, President of the Nebraska State University, together with the article by John Dewey, Professor in the University of Chicago, on "Education by Cancellation," and the article by Dr. C. H. Toy, Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, Harvard University, on "Ancient Religion and Ethics in the Public Schools," Professor W. H. Carruth on "Elements of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools." In this Number appears the article by David Starr Jordan, President Leland Stanford University, on "The Future of Theological Seminaries." There is another article already in hand from the pen of S. A. Forbes, Professor in the University of Illinois, on "How to Make the Farm Attractive to the Educated." Other articles are forthcoming from W. M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute, Chicago, on "Art as a Public Asset;" Prof. John Phillips, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Birmingham, Alabama, on "Ethics in Primary Education;" L. A. Sherman, Professor of English Literature in Nebraska State University, on "Literature as an Element of Primary Education;" Geo. E. Vincent, Professor in the University of Chicago, on "Civic Loyalty;" Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Industrial School, on "The Relation of Hand to Brain in Education," and other writers on living topics in the pedagogical world.

**Desiring to reach as large a number of teachers as possible, a special offer is made of UNITY for three months for twenty-five cents, the subscriptions to begin with this number, so long as the edition holds out. Send your subscription at once in order to be sure of the full file.**

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3939 Langley Ave, Chicago.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SCHOOL
THE HOPE OF THE STATE
1803--RALPH WALDO EMERSON--1903

DECEMBER 11, 1902.—We begun this week the publication of a series of articles by leading educators on "The Problems of the School the Hope of the State." Before this series closes we shall begin a second—UNITY's tribute of gratitude to the great teacher, whose centennial of birth comes in next May. The latter series, written by lovers of Emerson, will continue into May.

Desiring to reach as large a number of teachers as possible, a special offer is made of UNITY for three months for twenty-five cents, the subscription to begin with the above issue, as long as the edition holds out.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Senior Editor of UNITY.
3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

*To* _____

*Allow a friend of UNITY and YOU to use this opportunity of commending the paper to your good will for three months.*

*Truly yours,*

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The above card, neatly printed, will be sent to any friend wishing to make a present of UNITY for three months to any other friend, thus indicating his interest in the friend and in UNITY.

# UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1903. NUMBER 19

The usual levity concerning New Year's Resolutions is now in full evidence. Cartoonists and the "funny man" are much in evidence on this subject in all our papers, and still Lowell's lines rebukes the levity and brings tears to our eyes while we laugh:

*"Perhaps the longing to be so*
*Helps make the soul immortal."*

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This is the way the Chicago Alumni of Cornell welcomed the coming of the recent Glee Club concert given by the under-graduates of their Alma Mater:

We are all going to be there and we are going to show the smart laundered younger generation from Ithaca that there are a few latent "yell, yell, yells" left ready for use, even in these smoke-clogged lungs of ours.

We fear that this Alumni Committee has not been out in the world long enough to eliminate the rowdyism of modern college boys and to receive the refining touches of good society that still obtains even in Chicago. Alas! these same lungs, in too many cases, were sadly clogged with tobacco smoke before they had passed out of the under-graduate ranks.

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A private letter from a friend in the mission field of the far West says:

"Your editorial in the Christmas number entitled 'Discordant Notes,' is specially interesting and applicable to me. * * * I find the bitterness and prejudice way out here is much more pronounced than in the East, or that which I met in the middle West. Let us hope that a few more Christmases will see it somewhat broken. I have never spoken a harsh word about one of the churches in this neighborhood, and yet I have never been recognized in any way. I am much impressed with the attitude taken by our Jewish friends. I find them very cordial wherever I go. Cannot we draw closer together with these progressive friends in every way possible? Such federation with them and other liberals will enable us to do much good work which separately we are too feeble numerically and financially to carry on."

This is another note of federation; another indication that what we need is not nominal union, theoretic discussions, but practical co-operation. The laws of self-preservation insist where the higher law of love seems to be inadequate.

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A Chicago banker was convicted of embezzlement in 1898, having misappropriated $316,000 of the West Park Board Fund, of which he was treasurer. He did not reach the penitentiary until the last day of last year, being four years after sentence was first pronounced. All this time he has been fighting for his liberty. The case has been carried through all the courts, and every expediency known to the legal profession has been resorted to to postpone if not to reverse the decision. It is a sad thing to lock a man up in a penitentiary and to humiliate him with prison stripes and the convict lock-step. We are glad that it is possible to sift every such sentence to its finality, but it is worthy of comment that if this criminal had been a poor tramp cruelly caught in the cogs of the social machinery, who had only broken the glass in the window of a jeweler's shop and carried off a few hundred dollars' worth of gems belonging to an individual, he would have gone "over the road" very promptly, and by this time he would have had three years and a half of his sentence lived out. No one will ever know, perhaps no one can compute the amount it has cost the state of Illinois to put this gentleman banker into states prison for a heinous act, the betrayal of a public trust and the misappropriation of the money that belonged to the publice. We are sorry for the man, but we rejoice that in this case money and influence, legal ability and social position have been unable to thwart the clear statutes of the state.

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The series of Sunday night local Congress meetings arranged for in Chicago have been interrupted by the distractions of the holiday season. The meeting arranged for December 7 at the Church of the Redeemer, on the West Side, was at the last moment abandoned on account of the sad bereavement of the pastor, Rev. F. C. Priest, whose wife, after a long and painful illness, passed beyond the veil on the Saturday night preceding. The representatives of the Congress join with a multitude of friends in the parish and out of it in extending tenderest sympathy. The death of Mrs. Priest was the occasion of public as well as private sorrow. Last Sunday night, January 4, a meeting was held at the Third Unitarian Church, on the West Side, the leading speaker being Rev. E. S. Ames, of the Hyde Park Disciples Church. And although Dr. Thomas and Dr. Stolz were both unfortunately prevented from attending at the last minute, on account of illness, the attendance was creditable, and, said the pastor, "Mr. Ames rose to the occasion and made a splendid address which justified the meeting!" On January 18 a meeting will be held with the People's Congregationalist Church, 9737 Avenue L, Rev. Charles J. Sage pastor. Subject: "The Larger Faith, Hope and Life." February 28 a meeting will be held in the University Congregationalist Church at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the Hyde Park Baptist, First Unitarian Memorial Chapel, and the Hyde Park Church of the Disciples joining with the University Congregationalist Church. Subject: "The Public School Interests of Chicago; Special reference to the educational bill and Public school extension." Among the speakers will be Orville T. Bright and R. A. White.

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Illinois has again witnessed a civic tragedy. The state legislature, after a most bitter and persistent con-

test, has been passed over into the hands of the most truculent and craven machine that has ever disgraced its records. For the Yates-Lorimer-Hopkins republican combination adds to the cupidity of party selfishness a pathetic element of imbecility. It is not only bad, but weak. Stolidity of conscience here makes common cause with intellectual vapidity. The opposition was led by Mr. L. Y. Sherman, a man of brains, with something of a Lincoln-like virility. Thirty-nine members stood by him; they were pledged to stand together, and if need be to die together, but in the last moment, mid choking tears, these thirty-nine marched into the caucus and allowed the state to pass into the hands of parties which they had denounced in strongest terms, preferring humiliation and disaster to doing the other thing, which was perfectly feasible, plain and honorable, of staying out of the caucus, making common cause with the good men on the democratic side, where they could have put into the speakership of the lower house and into the United States senate men who are at least honorable in their private lives and untainted in their public career. There are plenty of good men in the state legislature of Illinois to make an honorable record, but because these good men are separated by the old obsolete line of demarcation between republicans and democrats this humiliating condition of things has come to pass. We have had much to say in these columns of the sectarian paralysis that has overcome organized Christianity, but the evil of sectarianism in religion is small and innocent compared to the gigantic evil of sectarianism in politics. How long, oh, how long!

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The old contentions are losing interest. New contentions are tearing up old boundaries, shifting emphasis, and confusing the conventions of life. The theological anxieties of religion are growing hopefully and beautifully less, and the sociological quest of religion and the religious is growing hopefully and beautifully greater. Said a Chicago preacher the other day in extenuation of some kind of a limited fellowship for some kind of evangelical work, "Jews and Unitarians and their associates can work with us if they are willing to join with us in saving the lost." To this, Jew, Unitarian and others will promptly reply "Amen." If the "lost" represent those hardened to the sweet influences of home, indifferent to the high duties of citizenship; if the "lost" means those enmeshed in sensuality and indulgence, the drunken, the debauched, the gambler, whether he live in the alley or on the boulevard, the selfish man, the mean man, the narrow man; if the "lost" means those who perpetuate bigotry, superstition, clannishness, partisanship, class rivalries and distinctions, money pretensions and society arrogance in the world, thus embittering the lives of men and women, retarding the progress of the state and holding the kingdom of God far off, then Jew, Baptist, Unitarian and Presbyterian, should be glad to join hands in this work of saving the "lost."

"Saving the lost from hell?" asks our Evangelical brother? Yes, indeed! from the "hell" that opens its gates every night on certain Chicago streets; from the "hell" whose fires burn seven days in the week and nearly twenty-four hours in the day in five thousand or more saloons in Chicago; the "hells" where the caldrons of the distilleries and the breweries seethe with the liquids of practical damnation. There are plenty of things for all the churches to do together.

"But," ask our Evangelical neighbors once more, "save the lost through Jesus Christ?" Yes, again. Jew and Unitarian will join with them gladly if this salvation means through the potency of the Golden Rule by the mighty leverage of the parables, the benediction of the Beatitudes, the serenity of the Nazarene, the universality of the Carpenter Prophet who said, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden;" who dined with sinners and found fellowship with publicans and Samaritans.

But if our Evangelical neighbor says that to "save the lost" means to save souls from some endless burning in some hell beyond the grave, and that this salvation is to come from a theological confession, however honest, or ceremonial observances, however beautiful or searching, then the lines will necessarily diverge, for some will fall out and prefer to work for the "salvation of the lost" here, while they bid the others God speed in their more insular quest. But even this line of demarcation will not respect the old distinctions between Jew and Christian or heterodox and orthodox, for millions of orthodox communicants today have ceased to fear eternal torments beyond and have begun to realize the infernal torments here. And thousands of honest, trustful, God-fearing and Jesus-loving souls in the pulpits of orthodox churches are beginning to find a new inspiration in the thought of a "civic salvation," a "kingdom of God on earth," a Christ life here, Immanuel, "God-with-us" today.

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## 1902, Its Events and Achievements.

Of course 1902 has been an event-*full* year. What year has not been eventful in the calendar of time? If any day, life or year seems to be lacking in events or touched with monotony, and receives at our hands the word "commonplace," it is because of our stupidity, our blindness. We are too thick-skinned to respond to the sense-quickening incidents that ever impinge upon our being. We are too blind to see the startling circumstances, potent with time-marking power and eternity-reaching results.

Certainly the most far-reaching events have not been reported in the newspaper. But a study of the outer events, the coarser things, such as the "Associated Press" has been able to "cover," may help toward that sensitiveness which will enable us to realize more clearly the sanctities within.

Time, the Destroyer, with its thousand hands, has been busy in this destructive work. The beautiful Campanile of Venice, with its thousand years of tradition, witness to the rise and fall of republics and kingdoms, itself at last yielded to the inexorable gravity that pulls earthward the proudest, fairest structure of time, and fell one bright morning last July. Another

morning in the last year, Mount Pelee, with awful disregard to human prayers, cracked, and the restless, burning core of the earth belched forth. In a few moments forty thousand human beings were blotted out; a city was obliterated.

Whether these destructive forces are malignant or benignant manifestations of power is a question too large for us to more than suggest. The mortality of man and of man's handiwork must be recognized as an awful fact before we can rise to the appreciation of immortality also as a beautiful fact. Mortality must not only be felt but faced before ever the thought of immortality can strike its roots deep into the debris of time. Earth wears the green vesture of summer because it springs out of the ruin of decayed forests. The living walk upon graves. The whole earth is one great cemetery, and 1902 has made its contribution of spiritual leaf mold to the soul gardens of the future. This debris of last year is perhaps its greatest contribution to the next year. Its triumphs may count for little; its failures must count for much. Though our lives may be wasted in devil-service to show and form, to greed and creed, to selfishness and lust, our deaths will be overruled to divine service; our graves will contribute to the permanent, will testify to the gospel of self-denial, will measure our lives by the scales of eternity and not by the false measures of society.

It is more difficult, and on that account more profitable, to study the constructive forces that have been at work during the year. Whatever comes out of our deaths must be by virtue of the over-ruling of that Power not ourselves we call God. But what comes from our lives is in a measure the result of the rulings of our own spirit, the direction of judgment, the consecration of will.

The cultivated world this year celebrated in the open, with flags and trumpets, processions and orations, the small event of a hundred years ago when a little child, a weak babe, was born. So frail was he that he had to be hurried to his christening lest he might not stay on earth long enough to be registered. The parents named that "blue baby" Victor Hugo. One hundred years hence the bells rang in rejoicings. For, contrary to the expectations of nurse and physician, that babe tarried on earth long enough to plead the cause of freedom; to tell the story of the galleys; to interpret for us the "last day of the condemned;" to show us benignant religion in the personality of the good priest, "Monseignior Welcome," and the character-making power of sorrow and poverty, disgrace or wrong itself, in the Titanic soul of Jean Valjean, the victim of a thousand wrongs, the scatheless convict, the uncrowned saint of labor, the unfrocked bishop of the wretched.

To the honor of our own country let it be remembered that it has been busy in trying to make amends for the damage done by the ill-advised and unexpected precipitations of war. It has been able to live up to its best intentions, though not without criticism and objection, and has handed back an emancipated Cuba into the hands of its own citizens although greed still hesitates and protests against the magnanimity of the soldier and the principles of the statesman. The army has withdrawn, but the tyrant, Capital, still has its fingers in the hair of this infant republic, and economic fair play is as yet withheld in spite of the pleadings of our Chief Executive and the better elements of his own party. The passion for territory has abated. Our government has been busy in investigating the alleged atrocities in the Philippines, rebuking them when discovered, and trying to do all that it can to atone for the devastations incident to an invading army. We hear no more commercial chuckling over "exhaustless mines" and "measureless forests" waiting for Yankee exploitation in the islands of the Pacific. Our government has come, or is rapidly coming, to its senses. It begins to realize that a republic has no right to "Possessions," a word which has no place in the vocabulary of democracy, and that, however we have come into our present predicament, the Philippine Islands and all other outlying territory must be regarded as a responsibility and not as an asset; as a divine opportunity to help along the weaker and to help up the ignorant, and not as a commercial "bonanza" to be exploited. The greed for territory, the disposition to buy peoples and lands with money, has been further chilled and checked this last year, in our own country at least, by the failure of the bargaining to buy some West India Islands from the Danish government, a bargaining which was defeated by a truth-telling woman and by the more or less clearly expressed wishes of the natives themselves, whose rights in the case received belated recognition.

The boastful military powers of Europe have taken pains to explain that their attempt to collect a debt with cannon from the impecunious Republic of Venezuela does not in any way indicate a greed for territory, even though it might be easily acquired by the power of the sword already unsheathed.

Of course, the greatest political event of the year is the end of the awful South African carnage. Here is a war which called for the largest army ever mobilized by the British Empire and the expenditure of more money than was ever before invested in any one war by this warlike power. And all this in order to subjugate a little republic of cowboys and frontier farmers. Never was a victory won that left so few laurels on the brow of the victor and reflected more honor upon a decimated people, the terms of whose surrender read very like a proclamation of triumph.

Let us turn from these horrible war memories and figures and note the hopeful indications of the new warfare. America has joyfully witnessed the triumphant demonstration of the higher surgery. The great Vienna surgeon has brought into vogue the new term "bloodless surgery." Scores of little crippled children have been made whole without the shedding of blood. We take little note as yet of the "bloodless surgery" in international affairs, but the triumphs of the Hague tribunal have been significant, and already a long list of maimed and distorted limbs of the body politic have been set right without loss of blood. The Pan-American Congress in Mexico, if it accomplished nothing else, was a most eventful occasion because it

adopted the Hague agreement, and, further, perfected a plan of compulsory arbitration between American nations. The most significant thing about this Pan-American Congress, as about all other international gatherings, is the convention itself. Their direct accomplishments may be slight, but the indirect results of their being are measureless.

To the southwest irrigation is opening up the desert lands and making them bloom as the rose. Some figures in a current magazine tell us that fifty thousand miles of irrigating canals have been dug and that eight million acres have been reclaimed from the desert and are now homes of a rising multitude, while the wheat fields of New England and New York aggregate but three millions acres. Hopeful as these figures are, we find our Congress willing to make fabulous appropriations for the navy while it halts penuriously over schemes of irrigation.

But the most astounding achievement of the year 1902 is wireless telegraphy; a discovery of measureless possibilities in its direct application, or measureless suggestiveness in its indirect application. The very air we breathe is ready to carry our messages around the globe, and the common life and common needs are ready to transmute to heavenly uses our divinest accumulations. Not always will our electrical communications be limited to submarine cables and overhead wires, built, owned and controlled by individuals and for individuals. The accumulated wealth of the world will make the very air we breathe electrical with privileges, eloquent with messages of brotherhood.

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# THE PROBLEMS OF THE SCHOOL THE HOPE OF THE STATE.

## V.

## As to the Future of Theological Seminaries.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.
President Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

My friend, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, has an insistent way with him, and because of this insistence, I give my views on a subject concerning which I do not know any too much, a fact which helps my pen to run the more freely.

I take it for granted that the Theological Seminary as an adjunct to denominational expansion and aiming at no ends higher than the spread of a certain branch of the faith is passing away. Young men will not attend its lectures nor do its work, except as hired to do so by the bribe of fellowships, or unless as it becomes an instrument toward some specific end. The institution must meet higher than denominational needs. It must respond to the spirit of the times or else it will go out of existence. It is going out of existence already.

It is said that young men of scholarship, character and force are less drawn to the ministry than formerly. This may be statistically true or it may be merely an appearance. But the fact, if it be such, does not indicate any abatement of interest in religious matters, nor any loss of power on the part of those who bring virile force and sound knowledge into the work of the ministry. The influence of personality is steadily increasing. It does not mean any less of the spirit of self sacrifice. Men can be found as ever who will give their lives to any work which gives promise of help to mankind.

If the ministry is less attractive to men who have lives to give, it is because its higher aims have been subordinated to lower ones. The spirit of sectarianism is opposed to that of religion. To force a real man to devote himself to the spread of opinions he does not hold, or of ceremonies which he regards as mere agencies, is to limit his freedom for usefulness. Another element of discouragement is the fact that the average audience does not take a preacher seriously, and the average preacher is not serious with himself. The preacher is judged not by the soundness of his life or the truthfulness of his discourse, but by his power, artistic or emotional, to fill the house. But truth is not sensational. It can only be found by strenuous search. It is not necessary to strive for it as long as newspaper science and skin-deep philosophy serve the purpose of the moment even better. The preacher who treats the topics of the times, is likely to find his inspiration in newspaper headlines and in magazine articles, rather than in the records of science. Too often he has no chance to investigate. He gets no credit for it if he takes the time to strike bottom, and he is likely to be timely at the expense of the weightier matters of the law. On the other hand, the preacher who avoids topics of present interest, is likely to serve his people with fragments of the discarded philosophy of two centuries ago. Whichever way he turns the popular preacher has a difficult task.

But with all these discouragements, there are ministers who know the heart of man and can talk men over because they can act men over—a power which Carlyle ascribed to Mirabeau, a power which lies at the bottom of all effective speaking. Preachers of this type will break through all shackles and find for themselves the place in the world reserved from the beginning for the true teachers, the professors of the art of human life.

But men of this stamp do not willingly go to the Theological Seminaries and care little for the conventional course in divinity. They are right in this, for the universe is open to them outside, and as the man will not go to school, the school must now go to the man. Every school that fills a permanent place in the world must give its students the training they believe that they need.

The man of intellectual force will be either a scholar or a man of action. The ultimate function of scholarship is to guide action, but the two cannot always be combined in one life. Scholarship unrelated to action degenerates into pedantry. The scholarship which is fruitful is not mere erudition, but wisdom which will serve as a guide to better insight and better deeds. The scholar and the man of action alike should therefore deal with realities—with the work of the "God of things as they are." The "fanaticism for veracity" is the best product of scholarship. It is the best equipment of the man of action.

But the theological seminaries, for the most part, have never dealt with realities. They have taught men neither to know nor to do. Instead of small things seen clearly, they have dealt with great matters seen dimly through the speculations of past ages. Their philosophy has been superficial, unable to endure the stress of the open air, not guaranteed to bear the wind, rain and sunshine, which the philosophy of science has to stand. Their erudition has consisted largely of memorized conventionalities, and new and fruitful ideas have not found welcome.

As a rule, the best teachers have not been found in theological seminaries. For this side work of the church, men are often set apart inadequate for more strenuous services, men who do not know thoroughly

anything illuminating, anything genuine, anything worth working into action. In the Ohio Valley of fifty years ago, the lame, the feeble, the worn-out man was often chosen as the school teacher, because he could not do anything else. Something of the same thought is often seen in the choice of clergymen for theological professorships. Such men have the merit of being safe, but to ensure progress one must take risks.

Another great drawback has been the idea of monastic seclusion. Too often theological seminaries have been separated from the universities and isolated from human life. Through separation from the universities, the standards of scholarship are lost and the impetus which one active mind gives another is no longer felt. By separation from cities is lost the opportunity and the incentive for the study of men.

Equally invidious have been the effects of the coddling of theological students. While men in other professions have shifted for themselves, earned their own education and established their own positions, the theological student has been fed and clothed at the expense of others. He has not been very well clothed nor very well fed, but enough so to begin the process of pauperization. From this sort of thing the best of young men shrink. They wish to be paid for their work, but not to sell beforehand the product of their lives for free bed and free tuition. They do not care to place themselves in such a position that normal intellectual growth will bring the charge of heresy.

The heresy trials have injured the prestige of theological schools. Men of the world see, however dimly, that there can be but one kind of real heresy, that is disloyalty to the truth which one sees or ought to see. It is their condemnation that science has come into the world and the man who neglects the truths of science is the real heretic. Science is human experience tested verified and set in order, and the results of human experience are progressive. The aggregate is constantly growing. Its tests are daily more accurate, its order more perfect. But men have been tried for heresy, not for failure to know God's truths and to live in accord with them, but for failure to be satisfied with the experience of men five centuries ago. It is well that each member of a religious corporation should be in touch with his fellows, but not at the expense of his intellectual and moral integrity.

Without further attempt to analyze causes of failure, or to seek for those more deeply seated, we may say:

If the theological school is to live, it must become part of the university in location and in essence, if not in form. It must adopt university standards, and it must not let excess of piety atone for lack of accuracy. It must accept the teachings of science and make them the point of departure in their application to the religious life. It must bring in, as teachers, the strongest men available and give them the rewards of other scholars in other fields, and pay them in money, not in "cold victuals and old clothes." It must cease to subsidize the theological student. Let him stand on his own feet and bring none into the ministry who cannot work out their own salvation. It must cease to teach unrealities and must cease to insist on the importance of traditional lore unrelated to the affairs of human life. It must train men to use the methods of science. It must discourage the dry-as-dust preacher on the one hand, and the clerical sensationalist dilletante and religious mountebank on the other. It must give men the means of testing current theories, so that the minister will know by his own tests where truth is likely to be found. He should be able to separate the emotional from the actual, to know the difference in foundation between Theosophy and Evolution, between Christian Science and the Germ Theory of Disease, between Reincarnation and the Conservation of Force.

Above all, the Theological School must recognize the sacredness of the life that now is, and the world in which we act our parts. It must recognize that the final end of science and religion alike is right living, that with Plato, "no harm can come to the good man, be he alive or dead," and that with Abraham Davenport we may "let God do his work while we see to ours."

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# THE PULPIT.

## What I Would Do If I Were a Minister.

O. B. Ryon.

If I were a minister, meaning, I suppose, what would I do if I were a minister or what would I preach about or what would I esteem my field of usefulness to be—or what message would I have for the community—what would be my relation to the community and to my church and the church relation to me, and I declare I do not know any of these things. In fact, I have never thought of myself as a minister. At different times of my life, I have imagined myself doing a number of things, following a number of occupations. At one time quite a long time ago, I thought that to be an acrobat in a circus was a very worthy ambition, and then a little later I aspired to be a poet, and some time later a soldier and at other times an orator. Then I read some very exciting literature and thought a highwayman or a train robber was about my size—and I did finally drift into the law business—but a preacher—now about the only time I have ever thought I would like to be a preacher was when I was listening to some other fellow preach and then what I thought, usually, was to the effect that if I couldn't do a better job than he was doing, I would quit the business permanently.

In common with the most of you, I have been going to church all my life and of necessity must have received a lot of impressions from church going and preaching which only now are beginning to crystallize into something definite concerning the church relation and especially the relation of a minister to his church.

Perhaps the first thing I ought to say relates more to the church than to the ministers, but in any event it is one of the things, indeed the first thing I should look after, if I were so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as the case may be, to commence preaching.

If I were a minister, I think the first thing I would do would be to quit preaching—to most churches at least. There is, no doubt, a moderate amount of foundation for the sneer so often heard that the only call the preacher hears very keenly is the call to a larger salary; but if the right relation can ever be established, first of the church to the community and then of the minister to the church, this charge will be forever without foundation thereafter. When the day comes, as it certainly must, when the mission of the church is simply to fit men to live, and when it frankly disclaims any knowledge of the hereafter or any power or disposition to follow the soul beyond its present incarnation, when the church professes to be only what it really is, a social organization, having for its purpose an immediate help and not a remote and precarious salvation—then only can it say to its minister, we establish and maintain this institution for two purposes, first, the personal help and inspiration we get from it, and second, because we believe the church has a definite mission in the community. Here is a work to be done; we who compose the church have neither time nor equipment to attend to this business, but we believe it should be as carefully done as any other great or important social, ethical,

educational or business enterprise. Then the church could also say to the minister, you do the work and we will stand behind you and pay the bills. Don't let the preacher come with any nonsense about a call. Let him come with zeal in his soul and a fitness for his work, and then we will treat him as we treat any great educator, inventor, scientist or other benefactor of humanity. Do this, gentlemen of the ministry, and we will pay you both in cash and in appreciation—cash first and appreciation afterwards, and then when your fitness has shown itself and you go into a larger field at larger pay, no sneer will ever be heard about having a financial call, more than is heard of the vice-president of a railroad company who becomes president. He has earned his promotion and the pay which goes with it; but a railroad pays its employes, it never gives them anything. The old idea was, and, by the way, it isn't out of date, that when we put our money into the church we give it. Heavens, how I hate that term and that idea! When I pay my taxes I don't give the money, I pay it. Pay it for the protection of myself, my family, my neighbors, for education, for public improvements, for care of the poor and unfortunate. Pay it the same as I pay for my groceries and clothing. But here is a church work, important beyond my time or talent to tell, as you and I and all of us believe, and yet we are not above the old idea of giving to the church and to the ministers. I wish I might invent language strong enough and still fit for print, with which to express my contempt for the giving attitude of church relationship.

The question is, my layman friend, when the finance committee gets after you, not what will you give next year, but do you care about the work being done in your church and community—how important is it to you—how much is it doing for other people—what is your interest in it—how much are you going to pay to see that it is properly carried on? Now you preachers are more or less to blame for the charity notion I have been talking about, and I would do away with that, if I were a preacher, or find out why I couldn't. There used to be more deference to the "cloth" than now, but it is not quite all gone yet, and may be it ought not to be entirely so, but a lot of the clergy, evangelical and otherwise, still have considerable of the "donation party" notion about them, and it's a fine thing to get rid of.

If I were a minister, the first fight I would make would be for a new definition of the church relation in my town, and then for a new statement of my own relation to the church. I would not have to put this on a strictly cold-blooded basis either, but I would get the people enthused, and about this I will say a word or two later—and then they would go about assessing themselves, because I believe the people can be reached all right enough and after they are reached and in earnest, they will put their money into the church as cheerfully as into anything else in which they believe. Don't beg, and don't let your church beg. I wouldn't if I were a minister, and I should hate awfully to carry a half fare permit while a single member of the Illinois legislature had an annual pass. If I were a minister, I would do one of three things. First, I would so present my message that the people would come and hear me. Second, if they didn't I would go out amongst them and find out what the trouble was with the message, and third, after I found out, if I couldn't find a remedy, I would quit preaching, and if I found out what the remedy was I would apply it instanter.

I suppose there are some thirty or forty ministers here this afternoon, representing about that many churches. How many people are you individually or collectively reaching directly every Sunday? How much stronger is your church than it was a year ago? Is your congregation increasing or decreasing? Is your membership generally enthusiastic or rather indifferent.? You know Emerson once said "It isn't important where we stand but whither are we moving." Are your churches moving at all?

A few weeks ago on my way to church one Sunday evening, I walked around by Main street and found it absolutely thronged with people, hundreds of them and three-fourths of them young men and women. I have been down town in Chicago and elsewhere on Sunday at the church-going hour and have observed the same thing, and when I pass along the street and see this and then come to my own church and find plenty of room for twice the people I see there, my first impression is that this crowd down town were Presbyterians or Methodists, but when I talk with my evangelical friends, I find that I am absolutely wrong—that they don't get a crowd nowadays any better than we do. The fact is the young men and women I saw don't go to church. And why not? If I were a minister, I would answer that question or go out of the business. This town, for instance, has a population of seventeen thousand people, I suppose, and I will venture the statement that the church attendance did not exceed 1,700 last Sunday—ten per cent. of the whole population—twenty per cent. of the people of church-going age. How about the other eighty per cent? If I were a preacher I would find out about that—I think I remember somewhere that Jesus said he was not uneasy about the ninety and nine. In Streator the conditions are reversed.

Streator is not unique in this regard. I noticed by the Chicago papers a week or so ago, that a count has been made of the people who attend church and that the *Record-Herald* enumeration shows that they counted 253 churches and a total attendance of 257,000, a little over ten per cent. of the total population, or, in other words, for two Sundays ninety per cent. of the people of Chicago failed to go to church. Now the burning question which is up to the church and its members all over the United States today is, how to reach the unchurched, and if I were a minister I would undertake to answer that question.

Some of you may think if I would take upon myself the answering of a lot of these questions I might find it rather beyond me. You may be saying in your minds that you are just now dealing with these questions yourselves, and trying to solve them, and that you would very much prefer to have me give an answer to one of these than to state so many of them without offering a solution.

I am not certain that it was the intention of the committee that I should do more than state these matters, and yet, at the risk of trespassing upon you longer than I ought to do, I will venture a suggestion in the matter of church attendance and the apparent loss of interest in church matters and the loosening hold the clergy seems to have upon the people.

There have been periods in the religious history of the world when all the people not only attended the church, but were worshippers and believed in the message. There have been periods in Christian civilization, of great religious awakening and enthusiasm when it seemed indeed as if the universal church had come, when the gospel which was to appeal to all of the people had been found, and I want you to note the peculiarity of the times, the temperament of the people and the character of the men through whom this message came. And especially note the character of the gospel which in those times was preached and accepted by the people.

Jesus had no trouble in getting a hearing—indeed so great were the multitudes gathered about him that he was compelled to go into a mountain or upon a

ship so that he might get far enough away from the crowd that all who came might hear his message.

Peter the Hermit set a whole continent ablaze with his appeal for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre; St. Bernard, Savonarola, Wesley, Knox, Peter Cartwright, Spurgeon and Moody each had a message which to you and to me seems irrational and unsatisfying, but each in his time drew and held thousands where the modern preacher draws a handful. What do you fancy was the secret of the power of these men? Had they some special gift, some peculiar endowment or some inspiration which only can qualify for such work? Was the power in the man or the message? The ministry of Jesus lasted about three years and his knowledge of geography did not extend from personal experience over a territory much more than twice as large as La Salle county, and yet He brought a gospel to the world which is still very much alive after twenty centuries; and in his own time his strongest following was amongst the publicans and sinners—he reached the crowd of Main street Sunday night loafers. If I were a minister and saw my congregation dwindling away to nothing, I would make an attempt at least to find out the secret, if secret it is, of the power these men have exercised in the religious life of the world, and I do not believe this power was a great secret. When Jesus preached in Galilee he had no doubt of his message—he had faith in his gospel—he explained very little—he knew nothing of dialectics—did not understand the meaning of exegesis, and higher criticism was a sealed book to him; but he gave to his followers what they needed and what their souls yearned for more than anything else—a present help, an inspiration. In other words, he put his personality into his preaching, and it had what might be termed "lift" in it. And the modern minister is not so very much at fault in this matter. He is between the devil and the deep sea on a neck of land daily getting narrower. If he doesn't satisfy what seem to be the intellectual needs of his people—if he lets his natural sympathy bubble up and says what's in his heart, those of his congregation who run to head and not to heart will be after him. If he is coldly intellectual and carefully logical, the rank and file won't know what he is talking about and hence his message will be meaningless. People leave the orthodox churches because they no longer believe the message and don't come to the liberal church because the gospel is too severely critical and intellectual. The first lot of preachers were of the people themselves, like Jesus who only quit the carpenter's bench when it took all his time for his ministry.

The next ministerial installment were above the people—demanded the reverence and regard which the people accorded them and were a sort of a class by themselves, but the last classification has mixed things up—education, the hope of the world, has very nearly been the ruin of the church and the clergy. Fifty years ago pretty much everybody in a community went to church somewhere—the liberal church told the world that the old gospel of the wrath of God was all wrong. The evangelical churches substantially indorse the same view, and behold—the people take both at their word and quit church.

The Christian world was devout for 1850 years for fear it would go to hell if it wasn't. Released by education from that fear, the same Christian world is strangely different.

Like some of my Republican brethren in campaign speeches on the slavery problem, it is a fine thing to point with party pride to the fact that we have "struck the shackles from four millions of human beings"—we still have the four millions on hand and they are as tough a proposition as while in slavery. But you say they should have been free; certainly, but the problem remains. The uncomfortable fact is, that the existence of nineteen churches out of twenty is a hand to hand fight for life, and the energy which ought to go into building up institutional enterprises is wasted and its usefulness ruined by this everlasting struggle. Half the money paid to Protestant churches every year is paid under pressure and would be withheld if we dared withhold it.

The religious element in the make up of humanity is emotional, as love and hate are emotional. Its awakening must be brought about by the same treatment as the awakening of any other sense emotional in its character. No able bodied, well ordered and clean minded young man ever sought to awaken a feeling of love in the heart of his best young woman by reading to her a dissertation upon higher criticism. A good warm personal appeal without notes or manuscript has always been more effective.

It may be safely assumed that those of us who are known as the laity have our business cares and occupations which absorb our time and to a great extent our mental and physical energies. We observe Sunday as a day of rest, some because of a belief in the consecration of the day and others because of a belief in the consecration of rest itself, and Sunday night go to hear one of you gentlemen preach. Now, if I were a minister, I would look down into the faces of my congregation and ask myself, "What are these people here for?" Is it a carefully prepared and supercritical magazine article upon some phase of the New Testament criticism or have they come here expecting held from me? Not solely educational help, but emotional help—fuel with which to feed religious fire—inspiration with which to get through another week's work, and if I answered the question satisfactorily to myself, as I now feel about it, I should say a very little about higher criticism—a homoeopathic dose of exegesis—and I should think the largest possible amount of an active, clear headed, sweet minded, vigorous magnetic personality, was what the average church congregation had reason to hope for and most needed.

And now I expect some of you preacher gentlemen will tell me after I have finished these remarks, that all this is irrational, and possibly you will go so far as to say that it's the height of nonsense. Perhaps you are right about from your view-point, but you must remember that the great body of the church is composed of laymen, or I might more properly say 90 per cent. is composed of laywomen, and after all, the laymen's view-point is the important one. I am laying a considerable amount of emphasis, I grant you, upon this question of church attendance, but just now it is the one burning question that interests the church world, outside possibly of our brethren of the Roman Catholic faith. They are not worried over church attendance, for of the 257,000 at church in Chicago, 200,000 were Catholic, or nearly one-half the Catholic population, and don't deceive yourselves into the belief that it's all authority in the Catholic Church. Far from it. I have listened to a great number of sermons from the lips of Catholic priests in a number of churches and I never heard one of them bother himself about higher criticism or say a word about that or kindred subjects upon any of these occasions. His service was impressive, he had lights and beautiful music and incense, and soft, quiet and all sorts of soothing influences, and then a sermon about fifteen minutes long in simple language with little bookish phraseology, to which he usually added the magnetism of an impulsive, warm-hearted Irishman, and you notice, gentlemen, he gets the crowd and you don't. You may say that he has that to start with, which is true and I ought, perhaps, to modify my statement to say that he keeps them.

And now to what end is all this? The fact is that

although fewer people go to church and are interested in church work than ever before in the history of our civilization, the world is growing better and the public at large is more religious than it ever has been. The difficulty is it is religious at home. Elbert Hubbard said that theology was organized religion—lately organized religion has been getting the worst of it. It is evident, gentlemen, that the people at large are not interested in what you ministers have to say to them, and how about the message you have to preach? Are you sure of it yourselves? The fact is, the Liberal church has built itself upon what it is pleased to call a broad foundation, namely, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and I believe the world is just waking up to the proposition that this statement of faith is universal and like other universally accepted truths, when once clearly demonstrated and absolutely settled is no longer interesting.

The reason people flocked to hear Liberal preachers ten or twenty years ago was not so much a desire for education as the natural instinct of humanity to be present at a good fight—they wanted to hear you go after somebody—they liked to hear orthodox theology abused. When Ingersoll delivered his lecture on the gods at Union Hall in Fairbury and it was published next day in the *Chicago Tribune* it aroused a tremendous sensation. Today the same lecture would scarcely receive a passing comment from any metropolitan newspaper.

The further fact, is, gentlemen, the evangelical churches have stolen your thunder and seven-tenths of the orthodox sermons preached in American pulpits are not to be distinguished from those of a Liberal preacher; just as it is true that 90 per cent. of the Calvinists in this country no longer believe in Calvinism.

I do not want you to gather the idea from this that I am in favor of closing up the churches, but I do believe that the time is here when the message which the pulpit has for the congregation must be changed or churches will close themselves, because I think you will all agree with me that no minister can be of any great use to a community which never hears his gospel. You can't very well convert people who won't come to hear you.

How does it happen that Dowie gets thousands and thousands of followers, and great minded, well educated and highly intellectual ministers get a bare handful? Is it the inherent desire of the people to be humbugged? Or is it possible that Dowie and his style of evangelization have something in them which you gentlemen have entirely overlooked? If that's true, what is the qualification which Brother Dowie is using in his business? Now if I were a minister and had a message in which I believed myself—one which I had worked out and was sure of, and then I found it would not go, I would find out what Dowie had and I didn't, if it was possible for me to do so—and after I found it I would use it, too.

I listened one time to an evangelist—a strolling fellow who drifted into town and commenced a revival. It had been going about a week when I heard him and I was one of perhaps fifteen hundred. He was not an educated man; culture, in the popular acceptance of the term, was something he didn't know about. He had no books, no accessories to his preaching, but alone and single handed, with nothing but a red testament in his hand, he started the service. As I remember he had us sing some old familiar hymn—I do not recall just now what—but I do remember that the first two or three verses I did not sing; but he stood there alone upon the platform, and with his eyes shining, with a prayer in his voice and fervor in his manner, exhorted us all to sing; he hadn't done so more than a couple of times before I found myself singing and rather liking it, and I yielded to the impulse which came upon me and sang and listened to the man preach. His message was an old one, the old road to salvation, and my better sense told me after I had gone away that he was all wrong and that there was neither reason nor good theology in what he said, and yet the good and inspiration and the lift I had got from the tramp evangelist in a quarter of an hour were more to me than I have had out of a dozen well ordered and carefully considered sermons from highly intellectual and cultivated ministers.

That fellow appealed to the emotions. It was a rough appeal, I will admit, but it was better than nothing of that kind. Why won't you ministers recognize in your pulpits the same laws of nature which you recognize in your private life? Why won't you find in other people what you find in yourself? Why won't you do for your congregation what you require in other ways to be done for yourselves?

How much of the time do you want to be educated and how much entertained and inspired? The manager of the opera house, who, by the way, is president of this conference, told me at one time that if he had Thomas' orchestra here with a classical program, he couldn't fill the lower floor of the house at a dollar a head, but if he got Fiske's Jubilee Singers he could fill the place from pit to dome at twice the money. Why not take advantage of that, gentlemen? What people want is religion, not theology; and the whole story was told in an aphorism by the fellow who said he "loved flowers but not botany—he loved religion, not theology." I do not believe the man or woman is yet born from whom religious instinct was omitted. I do not believe that there is a person alive whom some message will not reach, and there never has been a time in the history of civilization and there never will be one when the heart of man will not be yearning for spiritual uplift. Some expectation—some inspiration—hope—consolation, which without analysis and without thought we call religion. Your business, gentlemen, is to appeal to that religious instinct. If you can do it by a cold intellectual process, well and good, but if you find that this method is a failure, the business of the clergy is to impress your message, alter its form, take advantage perhaps of the sensational, if necessary, but bring home your gospel. Go forth in your ministry believing that the world is to be conquered—that you have the power and present ability to accomplish this, and I believe the victory will be yours. If your message is the true one, if it is the one the world needs, it only needs to be brought home to be understood and appreciated, and I cannot better illustrate what I mean or close these remarks more fittingly than by telling you a little story.

I went one night with my brother, years ago, to listen to a great musical program at the May Festival at the old exposition building in Chicago. The opera was "Linda," and the cast included Patti, Scalchi and Vicini, with a great orchestra, directed by Arditi. Going up on the train in the morning, we met a couple of gentlemen—both of them are well known to this congregation—and they concluded they would go with us. I had nothing on my hands during the day, and I skirmished for the tickets and found them, and in the evening when I handed over two tickets at five dollars apiece to these gentlemen, neither of them demurred very seriously, but I could see by their looks they thought I had paid too high a price. Neither of them is musical—I don't think either of them could sing or whistle a tune. A little before eight o'clock we went to the concert hall and shortly after the opera commenced, its production being in Italian. For an hour I watched those two gentlemen occasionally and I am satisfied they were considerably bored

by the performance—they knew nothing of music—they had not the equipment to listen to that sort of thing intelligently—the language was meaningless to them and most of the music equally so. Along in the second act Patti had a solo. After her song there was a tremendous encore and she came back upon the stage and after a short prelude sang "Home, Sweet Home," in English. When the last note of that melody died away there was a silence, and then that vast audience of fifteen thousand people was converted into a mass of yelling and excited humanity, and these two men who did not know the opera, who had no appreciation of educational music, who had been bored beyond description, when I looked up, were gone, so far as I could see, but in a moment I noticed one of them up on a chair with his hat in his hand, waving it like a madman, and the other quietly weeping. The severely classical music had failed to interest or inspire these men, but the musical instinct was in them—born with them, and it took that old melody by a great artist to arouse them.

Religion is the great emotion of the soul. Your high calling, my ministerial brother, is to awaken that emotion and keep it alive. If you fail in this, if your ministry lacks that inspiring power, just so far you are a failure. The pulpit owes to the pew a debt of helpful, spiritual uplift. If I were a minister, gentlemen, I would try and pay that debt.

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# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

### CHAPTER XIII.

### PROCRASTINATION.

**Proverbs or Verses.**

"Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled."—*Young.*

"A sluggard takes a hundred steps because he would not take one in due time."

"At evening the sluggard is busy."—*German.*

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."—*Bible.*

"The sluggard makes his night until noon."

"The sluggard's guise; loathe to go to bed and loathe to rise."

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'"
—*Watts.*

"What better is a house for a sluggard rising early."

"A slotheful man never has time."—*Italian.*

"Time and tide wait for no man."

"The good time comes but once."

"What greater crime than loss of time?"

"Who has no time, yet waits for time, comes to a time of repentance."

**Dialogue.**

We shall talk today about a very big word. It is long and has four syllables. Yet I presume you have heard it a great many times. It is one of those large words that we become acquainted with when we are quite young. Our mothers use it, and our teachers.

It describes a habit we are liable to fall into, and one which exasperates our elders very much. Can you guess what it is—a long word of four syllables, beginning with P, and suggesting a bad habit that boys and girls very often display. "Procrastination?"

Yes, and what sort of a way of doing things does it indicate? Would it imply going ahead promptly about everything? "Oh, no," you answer, "it means rather putting off what one has to do."

Would you say that any person who ever puts off doing any piece of work is guilty of procrastination? What if there is something which I should like very much to do today, but which I cannot possibly attend to, and so I defer it until later?

"No," you answer, "that would not be what we have in mind." Then what kind of putting off would imply such a bad habit? "Why," you explain, "putting off until later something which one might really do now."

Suppose, however, I have two pieces of work which I want very much to do today, but cannot do both of them. What if I defer the one which is very easy and do the difficult one today? Would that be procrastination? "No," you admit.

What, then, is the difference? "Why," you continue, "procrastination would rather mean putting off something which is hard, and that one would rather not do, and doing the easier thing first." I suspect you are coming nearer to the true explanation now.

What kind of persons would you say are given to this habit? Lazy people, or busy people? "Oh," you answer, "the lazy ones, of course."

And so you think, do you, that busy persons never procrastinate? What if you had a lot of things to do and kept yourself occupied all day doing the easy things, and putting off the hard work until some other time, you would be a busy person, would you not? "Yes," you hesitate.

Then you would not be procrastinating, I suppose? "Oh yes," you admit. After all, you agree, do you, that even a busy person could have this bad habit?

But do you mean that all lazy people procrastinate? "Yes, indeed," you assert. Then we note, do we, that all lazy people and a good many busy people are guilty of this habit?

How do you suppose it is that people fall into the habit of procrastinating, or putting off? Should we not assume that one would like to have all the hard work out of the way? "Yes," you answer, "but perhaps one fancies that when tomorow comes it will be easier to do the hard work than it would be to do it today."

It may be you are right. What, however, is the actual experience? What if you do put off the hard thing until tomorrow? Would you really find it any easier to do, than doing it right off at first? "Yes," you insist, "sometimes. Perhaps something may occur which will make it easier."

But how will it be, usually? "Why," you confess, "probably it will be just as hard as ever."

But is that all? Will it not be even harder the second day than the first? How do you explain the fact that when tomorrow comes we may feel even more disinclined to go ahead and do what we have put off?

What is it in ourselves under such inconstances that seem weaker than yesterday? "The will?" Yes. Somehow the will inside of us seems weaker the second day than the first, and that is what makes the work even harder to do.

But when people really do put off until tomorrow what they were going to do today, do they usually attend to it when tomorrow comes? "Oh, no," you smile at that. You mean, do you, that what is put off may never be done at all? I am afraid you are right.

If, for example, you put off until tomorrow something which is rather hard to do today, and which you are not inclined to do, suppose the day after tomorrow again you have something hard to do, are you more or are you less disposed to put that off also? "There is no question about that," you confess.

But why? "Oh," you say, "putting off becomes a habit." Yes, that is true, and it is a habit that follows some people to the very end of their lives.

Does it make any difference to other people, however, whether we ourselves have this habit? Will other people care, do you think?

If you have the habit of procrastinating, can people then rely on your conduct? Can they know what you will do and what you will not do? "You fear not," you say. Then could you be trusted in the

same way that others could be trusted who do what they have to do at once?

You see, it does make a great deal of difference to other people. We may easily lose the confidence of others by falling into the habit of putting off.

I wonder if you have ever heard a line of poetry about procrastination, something to do with "time" and a "thief." It comes from an old volume entitled Young's "Night Thoughts," and runs like this:

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

Do you detect the point of that quotation? Could anybody steal from time? "Yes," you say, "by taking up our time in talking to us or interrupting us when we are busy, and so preventing us from doing something."

Suppose I have a habit of putting off, do I accomplish more, or in the end less? Do I waste anything? "Why," you explain, "One wastes time, of course." And is that the way the habit of procrastination affects us? It makes one waste one's time. Hence one does very much less, and somehow has a shorter life, because there is so much less accomplished.

**Points of the Lesson.**

I. That procrastination implies the habit of putting off.

II. That it means doing the easy things first, and putting off the more difficult ones.

III. That even a busy person may procrastinate.

IV. That it is really harder to do the next day what we put off until tomorrow, than it would have been to do it at once.

V. That putting off one thing until tomorrow gets us into the habit of putting off everything.

VI. That this habit makes us less trusted by others.

VII. That this habit steals our time and makes our life seem shorter, because we accomplish so much less than we should otherwise.

Further Suggestions to the Teacher.—It might be well in this lesson to introduce anecdotes from biographies or any history concerning misfortunes which have occurred through the neglect to act promptly, or through the "habit" of putting off. For this purpose even stories where the evil outcome has been very great would be effective. It may be worth while to give a *shock* to the minds of the young, by this means. They hear much about procrastination and may think of the evils coming from it as being of minor importance. It is one of those habits the hardest to deal with and the most difficult to overcome. In actual life sometimes it is conquered only through a sharp and most painful experience. Facts of history or biography would be better than mere stories. If desired, an account might be given, quite thrilling in its character, of the first ascent of the lofty peak, the Matterhorn, in the Alps. One can describe how the party started out with their guides, and with great difficulty at last reached the summit in triumph, after all the failures of former parties to win the glory of this achievement. Then it could be narrated how they started down the mountain, fastened together by a rope, still proud of their work, and thinking what glory they should win and how all the world would soon hear of it; and how within a few steps of the summit the foot of one of the number slipped, causing him to fall; how the rope broke with a snap, and how this man, with three others, fell several thousand feet down the precipice and lay dead on the ice and snow at the foot of the mountain. Then point out how one of those who had been in the rear and had been saved, afterwards examined the shoes of the man who had slipped, and discovered that the rough nails the mountain climbers alw- used over there, had been worn nearly smooth on one foot. Hence this young fellow, a nobleman of England, brave and strong as he was, by procrastinating about having the nails fixed to his shoes, had lost his own life and caused the death of several others. The story has been told most graphically by the leader of the party, and it could be made quite effective as bringing home a lesson on the evils of procrastination.

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## Some Stories of Mexico.

Mexico, with its lovely scenery, its tropical climate, its varied and romantic history, its mysterious legends, its quaint and picturesque life, has ever had a special attractiveness to the story-writer. Its charm for him seems never to lessen; eternally a fresh crop comes.

**Stories of Old New Spain:* Thomas A. Janvier, New York; D. Appleton & Co., 1898. 16 mo. pp. 326.

*Color Studies and a Mexican Campaign:* Thomas A. Janvier. New York; Chas. Scribners. 1899. 16mo, pp. 391.

*The Aztec Treasure House:* Thomas A. Janvier. New York; Harpers Bros. 1901. 16mo, pp. 446.

*A Mexican Ranch:* Janie Prichard Duggan. Philadelphia; American Baptist Publication Society. 1894. 16mo, pp. 377.

*Jesus Delaney:* Joseph Gordon Donnelly. New York; Macmillan Co. 1899. 16mo, pp. 331.

From this fertile field, within the last few years a number of stories, the scenes of which are laid in Mexico, and which, more or less adequately picture Mexican life have appeared; a handful of these books lies before us for review.

Unquestionably the best guide book of Mexico ever printed is that of Thomas A. Janvier. None other can compare with it in delicate and sympathetic treatment of artistic and legendary topics. The strongest features of his guide book are equally noticeable in his three books of Mexican stories. Alike in these respects they are otherwise as unlike as books can be.

In *Stories of Old New Spain,* we have a series of sketches in which love, warm and impetuous as only in the tropics, is the central throb. In them are pictured the calm life of the old vice-regal days and the bustling life of the time of the railroad invasion, with its forced contact between the Anglo-Saxon and the Spanish-Mexican. There is enough of excitement and horror in some of the stories—as Nanita, and The Flower of Death—to almost make us forget the geographic and ethnic setting. But both are there, and in full power. Mr. Janvier knows the Mexican life and character and depicts them with rare truthfulness. How many Americans living in Mexico have heard of the dreadful draughts brewed from the flower of death? Yet in our author's hands it gives ground for an incident of tremendous dramatic power. Admitting readily, the art and skill shown in the stories of racial contact, we personally prefer the purely Mexican incidents of Pancha—with excitement, smuggling and bold adventure—or San Antonio of the Gardens —with delicate picturing of the quiet, old, convent life.

In *Color Studies and a Mexican Campaign,* the same author, by a quaint fancy, introduces us to a company, whose color names give us a clue to their dispositions. The first part of the book is not Mexican, but in the second part, Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, the Orpiments, the Vandyke Browns, Mr. and Mrs. Rowney Mauve (née Violet Carmine) and the rest of this fantastic crew invite Mr. Pemberton Smith to accompany them on a Mexican journey. Mr. Smith falls in love with a young and charming Mexican widow and the title "A Mexican Campaign" has reference to the wooing. The story is a simple love affair, which might as well have taken place in Philadelphia as in Mexico. The author, however, skillfully introduces his bit of Mexican background from time to time. A description of a landscape, or of an old church, a hint of Mexican customs, a bit of history—these, when they *are* brought in, are remarkably well done.

The third of Janvier's books, *The Aztec Treasure House,* is as unlike these two as they are unlike each

other. In it the author deals with a mystery, which has haunted many minds since Stephens wrote his Incidents of Travel in Central America more than a half a century ago. Is there not, somewhere in unknown Mexico, a hidden city, where the old Indian life continues as in the days before the Spanish Conquest? The dream of finding that mysterious city has sent more than one archæologist into the wilderness. In this story a student of Aztec lore chances upon an ancient hieroglyphic record, which gives the clue to the location of this city. With companions, he follows the trail, through a series of startling adventures. The discovered city is described, the life of its inhabitants detailed, and the war, which is precipitated by the appearance of the strangers, chronicled. After many dangers the travelers escape, leaving the way behind them forever closed, and carrying with them the long-guarded Aztec treasure. The story is vigorously told and shows some study of real archæological problems.

The chief value and interest of *A Mexican Ranch* is that it presents a characteristic and peculiar phase of Mexican life, that is rarely dealt with by the story-writer. Mary Summers, a wealthy young woman, decides upon a missionary career in Mexico. She locates in one of those "ranches," most common in Northern Mexico, where the community, though forming an actual village, is practically a single family with a patriarch at its head. The life of such a community is peculiar and the author depicts it adequately. The presence of the Protestant missionary naturally stirs up trouble. The petty jealousies of the Mexicans are well sketched and the series of incidents described is entirely natural. The growing hostility, the bigotry, the outbreak, the destruction of the chapel, the murder of the old man—these are true pictures.

In *Jesus Delaney* we have a mission story from the other side. The narrator purports to be an elderly and respectable gentleman from the United States, who is interested in missions and contributes to their support. He visits Mexico and for some time stops at Alameda, where the Rev. Lamb is in charge of a Mission Institute. Here he meets Jesus Delaney, the most notable convert of the mission, who was educated there, later sent to the States to continue his studies, and eventually employed at the mission as native pastor. With this young man, the visitor is associated in a series of astonishing experiences. In these the veneer promptly wears off from the young convert. Not that Jesus Delaney is an intentional hypocrite; far from it. But he is first of all a Mexican and the inheritance of centuries and the influence of environment and early training cannot be set aside at will. Jesus passes from joy to sorrow, from religious emotion to political frenzy, from the sublime to the ridiculous, with facility. Brawls, duels, fiestas, political campaigning, riot, bloodshed, imprisonment sentence, follow one another in rapid succession. The most improbable incidents seem the most real and natural. The story is brilliantly told and it has as genuine and proper an underlying purpose as the preceding. Anyone who knows Mexico will admit the truthful delineation of character and motive; many who know Mexico can match every character in the story in their own acquaintance.

FREDERICK STARR.

## Book Notes.

On the table lies "Women Wage-earners; their Past, their Present and their Future," by Helen Campbell. This is not her latest book; but is a good sample of the excellent work she is doing, in discussing the economic questions bearing upon woman. This volume was a prize essay, written for the American Economic Association, and receiving its award. I think those who are interested in woman's rights—especially her right to living wages, and equality of compensation, when she does work equal to that of her male companion, will find this book of unusual interest. Among the rest of her works are "Prisoners of Poverty," "The Problem of the Poor," "Mrs. Herndon's Income," etc. They are published by Little Brown & Co., of Boston. In the list of remedies for the social evils that afflict woman, I am glad to see this position. "Just pay, then, heads the list of remedies. When woman is placed on an equality with man in work, and payment for it, she will be in a position to have and to enjoy all other rights."

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I hardly know how to express my emotions when I open two volumes from Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. These are the "Life and Letters of James Martineau." I believe I have been able to secure every volume written by Harriet Martineau—most of them now out of print. I confess a depth of amazement at the intellectual and moral force concentrated in this Matineau family. The home of these marvelous people was in the city of Norwich; in a narrow thoroughfare; and in the plainest of plain brick houses. It is evident that the power of the stock came from the crossing of French and German with English blood. The authors of the work before us tells us that the name of James Martineau has been a household word with him from his childhood. "The spiritual character of his thoughts fascinated me at an early period; and when I became his pupil, I admired and revered him with all the ardor of open manhood." I can fully agree with this sentiment—only my taste and admiration carry me first to an intense sympathy for Harriet Martineau. I believe her to have been the greatest woman of the 19th century. To thoroughly review these magnificent volumes, would take large space in UNITY. *Let me undertake to give as much as possible of the spirit of Martineau in a few passages of his own. "Convinced that uniformity of doctrine can never prevail, we seek to attain its only good—peace on earth and communion with heaven—without it. We aim to make a true Christendom—a commonwealth of the faithful—by the binding force, not of ecclesiastical creed, but of spiritual wants and Christian sympathy; and indulge the vision of a Church that in the latter days shall arise, like the mountain of the Lord, bearing on its ascent the blossoms of thought proper to every intellectual clime! and withal massively rooted in the deep places of our humanity, and gladly rising to meet the sunshine from on high." I venture to say that the English language holds few passages more beautiful, more tolerant and broad, more admirably expressed from a literary standpoint, and of broader vision. It is enough to say that these volumes in hand teem with passages of the noblest beauty, the richest ethical worth, and the rarest depth of sympathy. Martineau was that grand combination of prophetic courage, literary mastering, and ethical clearness which made him an exception even among the noblest peers of theology and religious life. Taking one of his own passages, I think it fairly descriptive of the man; "The ideal colors of heaven are spread through the substance of our experience, to transfigure it." This was his conception of true manhood, and in this way he looked at Jesus—God in man. I can imagine what a profound and continued joy a thinking mind and a beautiful soul can get from these volumes. I trust that not a few of the readers of UNITY will have this pleasure.

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"Can Telepathy Explain," by Minot J. Savage, and published by G. P. Putnams Sons. No one can read this little volume without a large amount of sympathy

*We hope to offer at an early date a more extended review of this work by our associate editor, Rev. Albert Lazenby, a former student of Dr. Martineau.—Editor.

with Mr. Savage. It is a sincere effort to look into the Beyond, on the part of an honest investigator, as well as one who has had friends pass into the unseen. It is a brave book, and a kindly book; yet what can one say when he has read it and laid it down? It comes to this, Am I, with all my confidence in Brother Savage, and all my admiration in his genius, willing to trust to his judgment in a matter of this sort? Is it not a case where I must have my own experience and rely upon personal investigation? There are a few chapters which seem to be thoroughly argued out, and the result of skeptical investigation; yet at the end of one after another I have an involuntary wish to ask a few questions. In other words, the case does not seem to be out of the region of possible fraud or coincidence or other defectiveness in evidence. Yet I am compelled to say, what I have said before, that no sensible man has lived to the age of forty without having experiences which point toward spiritual communications. I am afraid of this whole study, not because I am afraid of investigation, or because I do not wish to find spiritualism true; but because there is an unaccountable fondness in human nature for prophetic power. We like, almost unconsciously, to be credited, or to credit ourselves, with a bit of the supernatural. Negroes show this faculty in excess; but we all have it, and must guard against it. I have seen good people, after a course of investigation in which they had been warped by desire and anxieties, lie like the devil. They did not intend to become liars; but they fell gradually into the habit of misinterpreting phenomena. However, let us read this book with care; and make sure that it will aid us in solving problems that we shall never get rid of until they are solved. If the departed and unseen are still with us we must find it out, and we must find out how to make the best of it.

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I am reading with a good deal of satisfaction, Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman From Indiana." It certainly is a powerful novel; and it is thoroughly original in its spirited treatment of a western topic. It takes up the least promising feature of that peculiar pioneering life which settled the flats and miasmatic lands of Indiana and other western States. From personal knowledge of a somewhat similar element, I can say that there is hardly a man or a woman among those pioneers that did not constitute a novel character. Mr. Tarkington has done his work superbly. Yet somehow I cannot help saying that that other western book, "The Blazed Trail," has for me a much higher interest. It is fully as exciting; but it leaves with me a certain satisfaction and sweetness of intellectual taste that I do not get from Tarkington. This book, however, is brim full of that sort of manhood and womanhood, and courage, and humor, that go to the making of a brave people. You won't go amiss if you buy "The Gentleman From Indiana." I have not yet read "The Two Van Revels" by the same author, but have it on my table, and shall make sure of enjoying it. It is published by the same house, McClure, Phillips & Co. Anyone desiring an extra fine edition, bound in imperial Japan, can secure one for three dollars. Mr. Tarkington is a genius in his sympathies and in his literary skill alike. He is able to touch the different grades of society with about equal skill.

E. P. POWELL.

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Strive; yet do not promise,
The prize you dream of today,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You will not perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*


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# THE FIELD.

***"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."***

## Immortal Years.

They come, they linger with us, and they go—
The lovely years!
Into our hearts we feel their beauty grow;
Through them the meaning of our life we know,
Its joys, its fears.

They whom God sent us, robed in sacred light,
Out of His sky,
With snow and roses, stars and sunbeams bright—
Too beautiful they must be, in His sight,
Ever to die.

Though down the long, dim avenues of the Past
Their swift feet fled,
In His eternity the rooms are vast;
There wait they to be ours at last;
They are not dead.

Are they not in immortal friendship ours,
Always our own?
Never in vain bloomed one of their sweet flowers,
Whose rose-breath up through blessed Eden bowers
Climbed to His throne.

Immortal by their sadness, in our thought
That lingers yet;
Their gracious rainbow smiles, with clouds inwrought;
Their gentleness, that from our errors caught
Shadowy regret.

Immortal by their kind austerities
Of storm and frost,
That drove us from our palaces of lies—
Baseless, unsheltering splendors, that arise
At a soul's cost.

The immortal years—they are a part of us,
Our life, our breath;
Their sorrows in our eyes hang tremulous;
Ours in a union tender, glorious,
Stronger than death.

Poorer or richer, with us they remain
As our own soul;
None shall divorce us from our mutual pain,
Nothing shall take away our common gain,
While ages roll.

Out of the years bloom the eternities;
From earth-clogged root
Life climbs through leaf and bud, by slow degrees,
Till some far cycle heavenly blossom sees,
And perfect fruit.

And nothing dies that ever was alive;
All that endears
And sanctifies the human must survive;
Of God they are; and in His smile they thrive;
The immortal years!

—LUCY LARCOM.

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## Foreign Notes.

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES: *A Swiss Estimate.* The following warm words of appreciation of Prof. William James' recent work form part of an article by Prof. Flournoy of the University of Geneva, in the *Revue Philosophique:*

One knows not which to commend most in this author, the wealth and amplitude of his knowledge, or the admirable openness of mind and heart which enables him to understand, appreciate, and one may say love, the manifold shadings, and the most diverse conceptions of the religious life, from the moment that they are realities of conscience, experiences truly lived out. Mr. James is at the very antipodes of all sectarian narrowness, as well as of that which afflicts many

so-called enlightened and scientific minds, a bigoted fanaticism. Take notice also that his breadth of comprehension is not at all due to indifference or dilettanteism, for if, through a natural, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated reserve, he avoids all display of his own inner life, that life, nevertheless, penetrates between the lines and one feels that the domain he is treading is in his eyes holy ground, the most sacred place of the soul, not in virtue of any received opinion, or of any *a priori* whatsoever, but because in fact there is no progress in which a human being feels himself more directly concerned, touched in a way more personal and profound than in the religious advance. In this pulsating sympathy, indeed, which enables him to enter so closely into the consciousness of those whom he studies, one recognizes the author of many a discourse—of which a French translation would be a real benefit to our youth—all permeated with that ideal of growth and breadth, that aversion for unscalable barriers and for that stupefying mutual insensibility which the least difference of temperament or turn of mind is often sufficient to raise between beings even of the same race.

Industrial Art of Women.—It is interesting and hopeful to note in how many and how widely scattered regions this age of machinery, concentration, centralization and commercialism is producing a certain reaction, a waking up to the priceless value, both economic and social, of some of the things that are disappearing and to efforts both individual and collective to save them before it is too late. This is the significance of the arts and crafts movement in England and America, and of the many attempts to revive local and home industries in different parts of the western world.

Some years ago a party of American librarians was visiting Salisbury, and set out rather late one afternoon under the guidance of their English hosts for Stonehenge Never will they forget the impressiveness of that drive across Salisbury plain with the great Druid monument rising into view only as the sun sank low and the shadows began to fall. The twilight deepened rapidly into night as they turned reluctantly away, and urged their horses for the long drive back to Salisbury. Suddenly out of the darkness came a voice, and by the roadside was dimly seen a hale and hearty English gentleman cordially inviting the American guests to stop and view his beautiful old Tudor mansion close by. It was impossible to decline his urgent hospitality, so in we trooped, while drivers and guides called after us: "Five minutes is all you can spare!"

We filed interestedly but almost breathlessly through the stately rooms, and our friends were already calling us away, when the gracious daughter of the house said regretfully: "I did want to show you my loom!" "Your loom?" we cried. "Where is that?" "In the attic. Can't you come? It will take but a moment," was her reply, so those within sound of her voice yielded and went, by the light of candles, they hardly knew how, up into the great, timbered attic, where it stood. "But do you really use it?" we cried. "To be sure," she said, as she seated herself before it and set it in motion. "We are trying to revive the home industry among the village people about us, and my father wears nothing but the cloth I weave here." In a moment more we had hurried down the dusky pathway, climbed into our vehicles, and amid hasty goodbyes, the old man, his daughter and their Tudor mansion vanished like a dream. That was one of the individual efforts to revive a dying industry. I have often wondered if it had any measure of success.

In the spring of 1874, says *Le Revue du Foyer*, a Swedish journal, *Tidskrift for Hemmet* (Home Journal), took the initiative, aided by a number of artists and society ladies, in forming a society to encourage and develop along artistic lines the national home industries of women. They started with a fund of about $30. Today the society has more than a thousand members whose annual subscriptions exceed $1,400, and it does more than $20,000 worth of business annually.

"We can congratulate ourselves," say the last reports of this organization, "on having created several new branches of industry in different provinces. Formerly the laces of Skane and Dalecarlia served exclusively to ornament the national costumes. For the future, they have found, thanks to us, markets for exportation."

This society for the protection of the feminine industrial arts of Sweden, which has taken the name Association of the Friends of Manual Labor, carefully collects all the old patterns or designs it can discover and puts them into renewed circulation. It applies itself to the revival of industries which have disappeared, providing they have any artistic value, and establishes them in districts where no special industries exist. It sends competent persons into the provinces and even into foreign countries to investigate the labor of women and bring back new processes. Thus one young woman was sent to examine the gothic embroideries on chasubles and other sacerdotal ornaments in the treasury of the cathedral of Straengnaes. Another was sent on a similar mission to Vienna, from which place she brought many beautiful water-color designs.

"Why," says the Swiss editor, "should we not imitate Sweden in this respect?" America we already know has movements in this direction at various points. Let the good work go on! M. E. H.


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